

The Critic and Good Literature

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'The Humor of Women.*

'No,' said a gentleman to whom I had appealed for some of his wife's humorous sayings; 'my wife doesn't say many humorous things; but if you should take down a few of her serious ones, perhaps they would answer your purpose.'

It will not injure my cause to confess frankly this tendency of women to make themselves ridiculous without personal sense of the humorlessness of the situation. It does not prove any lack of humor in the sex, for other women are as quick as men to perceive and enjoy the position of the individual woman who is at the moment making herself absurd. Nor shall we acknowledge that it is wholly a feminine characteristic. The men who claim that the male Mrs. Nickleby does not exist in life or literature, we shall remind of Lord Dundreary, Mr. George Sampson and Mr. Toots; while if Mrs. Nickleby is to be accepted as a type, as we frankly confess she may be, Mr. Pickwick, as a man without any sense of humor, must claim a share of the honor. Nor does it prove anything against the general intelligence of the woman who is, for the time being, amusing the spectators. Queen Titania of the Phaeton, with her delightfully illogical logic; Isabel of the 'Wedding Journey' telling her husband, 'Of course you mustn't tell a lie, Basil; but you must get those things through the custom-house somehow'; the mistress of Rudder Grange paying off the mortgage on their house with the profits of her chickens before they were hatched; and, above all the wise and witty Beatrice, with her emphatic instructions to Benedick, 'Kill Claudio,' supplemented by that delicious bit of acting from Miss Terry as she flits behind the scenes with 'Kill him, Benedick, kill him!'—none of these were unintelligent women. Nor was it an unintelligent woman who, after expatiating at some length to Mr. Hillard on her enjoyment of his 'Six Months in Italy,' asked naively, 'And how long were you in Italy, Mr. Hillard?' without even feeling herself crushed when Mr. Hillard answered in his courtliest tones, 'Six months, madam.'

Not only is humor distinctively different from wit, but there is humor and humor: even the same individual exhibits different qualities of humor at different times. There is the humor of Mr. Howells when he relates something essentially funny in itself, like the repetition of the ladies' conversation at the register; and there is the higher, because more original and imaginative humor of Mr. Howells when, after a morning walk in the Public Garden in which you would only have noticed the freshness of the verdure and the sweetness of the air, he remarks that it was so early that he surprised the Diana of the fountain 'without her shower on.' There is the humor of Dickens as he exhibits it in Sam Weller, and there is the higher, more intellectual, humor of Dickens as he exhibited it in Eugene Wrayburn. Mr. Lathrop's humor is good because it is almost exclusively imaginative; it never occurs to you that there is anything very funny

about a four-in-hand till you read his description of the people on top as looking as if they had fled to that elevation to escape some sudden inundation, after which you can never think of a four-in-hand without a smile. We claim high rank for the humor of women because it is almost exclusively of this higher, imaginative type. A woman rarely tells an anecdote, or hoards up a good story, or comes in and describes to you something funny that she has seen. Her humor is like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, coming when you least expect it, when it could not have been premeditated, and when to the average consciousness there is not the slightest provocation to humor, possessing thus in the very highest degree that element of surprise which is not only a factor in all humor, but to our mind the most important factor. You tell her that you cannot spend the winter with her because you have promised to spend it with someone else, and she exclaims, 'O Ellen! why were you not born twins!' She has perhaps recently built for herself a most charming home, and coming to see yours, which happens to be just a trifle more luxurious and charming, she remarks as she turns away: 'All I can say is, when you want to see *squalor*, come and visit me in Oxford Street!' She puts down her heavy coffee-cup of stone-china with its untasted coffee at a little country inn, saying with a sigh: 'It's no use; I can't get at it; it's like trying to drink over a stone wall.' She writes in a letter, 'We parted this morning with mutual satisfaction; that is, I suppose we did; I know my satisfaction was mutual enough for two.' She asks her little restless daughter in the most insinuating tones if she would not like to 'sit in papa's lap and have him tell her a story;' and when the little daughter responds with a most uncompromising 'no!' turns her inducement into a threat, and remarks with severity, 'Well, be a good girl, or you will have to!' She complains, when you have kept her waiting while you were buying undersleeves, that you must have bought 'undersleeves enough for a centipede.' You ask how poor Mr. X—— is—the disconsolate widower who a fortnight ago was completely prostrated by his wife's death, and are told in calm and even tones that he is 'beginning to take notice.' You tell her that one of the best fellows in the class has been unjustly expelled, and that the class are to wear crape on their left arms for thirty days, and that you only hope that the President will meet you in the college yard and ask why you wear it; to all of which she replies soothingly, 'I wouldn't do that, Henry; for the President might tell you not to mourn, as your friend was not lost, only *gone before*.' You tell her of your stunned sensation on finding some of your literary work complimented in *The Nation*, and she exclaims: 'I should think so! It must be like meeting an Indian and seeing him put his hand into his no-pocket to draw out a scented pocket-handkerchief, instead of a tomahawk.' Or she writes that two Sunday-Schools are trying to do all the good they can, but that each is determined at any cost to do more good than the other.

Shall I speak first of the average woman or of the exceptional woman? Four exceptional women at once occur to us whose humor only is not humorous because it is often so closely akin to the finest wit. One is Gail Hamilton. Another—Harriet, Lady Ashburton—is now chiefly thought of as the woman of whom Mrs. Carlyle was jealous; but happily a few of her brilliant sayings are recorded by Lord Houghton in his 'Monographs.' How it makes one sigh, however, to think of the uncollected diamonds and pearls that must have fallen, day after day, from lips capable of saying: 'I don't mind the canvas of a man's mind being good, if only it is completely hidden by the worsted and floss;' or 'She never speaks to any one, which is of course a great advantage to any one.' One of the neatest things ever said by our third exceptional woman was the retort which I have already quoted in another connection, when, accused of caring nothing for science or philosophy, but only for literature *per se*, she answered that she

* See 'Woman's Sense of Humor,' *The Critic*, March 29, 1884.

certainly did care more about literature *per se* than about science *purblind*. Our fourth exceptional woman was the original of Aunt Jane in the story of 'Malbone.' Bret Harte always said that he first thought of coming to the East when he heard that there was a living original of Aunt Jane, and it is very certain that he was not disappointed when he made her acquaintance. Who of us that knew her will ever forget the humor that illness could not conquer nor suffering dull; the wit that not only dared to be as funny as it could, but did not hesitate to express its withering sarcasm and uncompromising opinions in words of which the exaggerated harshness was the most entertaining element, until her very victims dissolved before her in tears of laughter! It was wit in every phase; from the ridiculous 'Rain? I shall go if it rains little boys!' to the delicate irony of 'I never knew any harm to come from a villain; all the mischief in the world is brought about by lovable people.' Of washing that came home with too much blueing in it, she remarked that it had apparently been washed in heaven, and of a book which she had found very poor that, if put into the fire, there was not a tea-kettle in the land insignificant enough to be brought to boil over it. Her rages were delicious, whether she announced her exasperation at the 'baseless happiness' of a maid with a face whose placidity suggested one of Rogers & Peet's little wooden boys, or exclaimed, 'Hate him? I have sat up all night to hate him!' Of a pretty woman she said once that her eyelashes were 'too dressy for breakfast.'

But we must base our claim for woman's sense of humor after all on the average woman, and it is precisely here that I believe the claim to be strongest. Think over the humorous men of your acquaintance, and you will find them almost without exception to be men whose humor is known in literature, who make a point of writing, as well as saying, good things. Think over the women of your acquaintance, and you will hardly reject one from the list as absolutely non-humorous. Call to account the gentleman who is your nearest relative for the boisterous shouts of laughter issuing from the 'den' where a company of gentlemen have been smoking, and you will find that the entertainment of the time has been a series of 'good stories;' or, if there has been any original wit, it is usually, as we have said, from some one professional wit, if we may be allowed the expression, who has 'set the table on a roar.' Enter a room humming with the buzz of a dozen or two bright women, and you will never find any one of them entertaining the company, nor is it at all probable that you will hear a single 'good story;' each is contributing her share to the light fun flying about, suggested at the moment and thought no more of, though the shafts of wit may be as fine and delicate from the merest social butterfly as the remark of the Fair Barbarian, when told that English girls were not in the habit of wearing diamonds as liberally as she did. 'Very few American girls do,' was the young lady's calm and self-satisfied reply; equalled, if not surpassed, by her *naïveté* in saying 'Why not?' to the British youth who remarked that of course when he first saw her, he had not thought of marrying her. As an instance of the way in which women often react upon each other in repartee, I will only quote a little conversation which it was once my privilege to overhear:

Margaret. 'I wonder you never have been married, Kate. Of course you've had lots of chances. Won't you tell us how many?'

Kate. 'No, indeed! I could not so cruelly betray my rejected lovers.'

Helen. 'Of course you wouldn't tell us *exactly*; but would you mind giving it to us in round numbers?'

Kate. 'Certainly not: the roundest number of all exactly expresses the chances I have had.'

Charlotte (with a sigh). 'Now I know what people mean by Kate's circle of admirers!'

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Reviews

Judge Neilson's "Memories of Rufus Choate."*

A DULL biography of Rufus Choate seems an impossible achievement, but Judge Neilson has come near to accomplishing it. Thanks to frequent quotations from the great orator, one is carried over the intervening deserts in a sort of trance, and ere the latest spell is extinct a new one is pronounced. But painstaking as Judge Neilson has shown himself, he is destitute of the qualities which a biographer of Choate should possess. A pinch of Irish wit, a spark of poetic fire, would have outvalued in this instance an infinity of plodding pains. Yet 'in all labor there is profit;' and the judicious reader as he skims the pages with a swallow's flight can scarcely fail to find something to reward his quest.

The plan of Judge Neilson's volume is scarcely a happy one. Appended to the series of his own republished articles are letters from various distinguished gentlemen, containing their personal reminiscences of Choate. The effect is not unlike that of the very tiresome 'memorial meetings' at which lawyers are wont to mingle their tears over the grave of some 'learned brother.' There is less of sameness in these reminiscences than might be expected; but whatever of value they contain might better have been incorporated in the body of the work, to the great saving of the reader's patience. The literary faculty has not been granted in equal measure to all of Judge Neilson's contributors; their gossip is sometimes too trivial for type. Many pages of the Judge's own contribution might well be spared. Dissertations on free trade and protection, or the dual origin of the Greeks, are not 'germane to the issue,' to speak after the manner of judges. Most ill-advised is the comparison between Choate and Macaulay, in which the Englishman's faults and the virtues of the American are paraded together by way of impartial contrast. The result is of course to throw the weight of the reader's judgment into the opposing scale, and to produce an impression of unfairness on the author's part which it takes evidence to remove.

As all rivers flow to the sea, so all Choate's powers fed the flood of his eloquence. The pains which he took to cultivate his natural gift, the assiduity with which he strove to perfect perfection, were almost incredible. It was his habit to read the dictionary by the page, and to get his favorite classics by rote. Of his method in translating, Prof. Parsons says: 'He would return day after day to the same passage, until he had exhausted the resources of the language in giving to the sentence exactness, strength and elegance.' His own advice to the student is: 'Translation should be pursued to bring to mind, and to employ, all the words you already own, and to tax and torment invention and discovery, and the very deepest memory for additional, rich, and admirably expressive words. In translating, the student should not put down a word until he has thought of at least six synonyms or varieties of expression for the idea. I would have him fastidious and eager enough to go, not unfrequently, half round his library pulling down books to hunt up a word—the word.' Again he says: 'I have been long in the practice of reading daily some first-class English writer, chiefly for the *copia verborum*, to avoid sinking into cheap and bald fluency, to give elevation, energy, sonorousness and refinement to my vocabulary. Yet with this object I would unite other and higher objects,—the acquisition of things,—taste, criticism, facts of biography, images, sentiments.' Mr. Marsh says of him: 'I think the study of Cicero's orations taught him the value of amplification, or of abundant collateral illustrations, in oratory. This was a feature of his eloquence in which he excelled all other men, though I think his picturesque allusions were oftener poetic reminiscences than fruits of the actual observation of nature.' He could unbend if need were; 'he would use,

* Memories of Rufus Choate. By Joseph Neilson. \$5. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sparingly indeed, but most effectively, popular cant words and phrases. For example, he spoke of a conspicuous editor as having *squaboshed*; and of another, who had absconded, as having *swartwouted*. There was a dash of blarney in his composition, as the anecdotes show; the impassioned orator was not above flattering a juryman in order to gain a petty cause. Would that he had never had a less inspiring theme than the story of Kossuth, which moved him to utter one of his noblest orations. From it we quote a passage which seems not inapplicable to the speaker himself. 'When shall we be quite certain again that the lyre of Orpheus did not kindle the savage nature to a transient discourse of reason—did not suspend the labors and charm the pains of the damned,—did not lay the keeper of the grave asleep, and win back Eurydice from the world beyond the river to the warm upper air?'

"The Book of the Beginnings."*

THE most important question suggested by this volume, in view of the facts recalled to us by its preface, is, not whether its positions are wholly true, but whether its discussions are legitimate—not whether Mr. Newton offered his congregation the real solution of the difficulties by which the traditional theories about Genesis and the Pentateuch are encompassed, but whether it is permissible for a Christian minister to suggest to a Christian audience any considerable modification of those theories. It will certainly appear to most disinterested and well-informed persons that it is folly to stifle discussion on a matter so fundamental as this. The uproar occasioned by Mr. Newton's lectures was probably not at all due to the fact that he presented in them one particular set of recent critical theories rather than another, but to the fact that he broke loose, and invited his hearers to break loose, from the opinions which have long been current in the Church. In so far as this is true, his opponents are certainly on the losing side. We pronounce no opinion on the interruption of the course, though the request of an ecclesiastical superior. We are not prepared to say that this was not, under all the circumstances, a judicious request, and that it will not, in the long run, prove to have been of great service to that freedom of inquiry of which Mr. Newton has become to some extent the champion. For the number of those is certainly increasing in the Protestant Episcopal Church, as elsewhere, who will refuse to have investigation stifled, and the results of it concealed. When these shall be in the majority, then the crisis is past. Meantime, those who have raised the chief outcry against Mr. Newton, and who seem to belong to the reactionary element of that Church, have only themselves to blame, if the very respectable body of men, young and old, within their communion, who perceive how much is imperilled if any earnest voice is silenced on such a ground, forget the differences of opinion which separate them from Mr. Newton, and rally about him, as they have already begun to do.

It is not possible here to pass in review the positions which Mr. Newton has taken in these lectures. They seem to us, on many points, extreme and indefensible. The author appears to have drawn his materials too exclusively from one school of critical works, and to have proposed for acceptance many views which have yet to be submitted to the test of careful examination—some, even, which have already been condemned by that test. Nor can we regard his mode of statement as in all cases well-chosen, in view of the extreme sensitiveness which is prevalent among large numbers of those whom his words were designed to reach. Less advocacy, and more of the judicial temper; less hasty acceptance of new views, and more patient and even cautious presentation of the necessity for some change in the old views; a more delicate touch upon the—not wholly groundless—preconceptions of hearer and reader, and greater care

in pointing out the distinction between the vital and the formal elements in those preconceptions—these, with other modifications of this sort, would not indeed have spared him the attack of the ultra-conservatives, but would have increased his own following, secured for him still more numerous allies, and put him in a position of greater advantage, without sacrificing the principle which, as we have already said, is really the matter at issue. We must, however, be allowed to affirm, without regard to very considerable disagreement with Mr. Newton's opinions, that one of the chief duties of those who at this day take the position of leaders in religious thought is, beyond all question, to train their congregations—in the frank, honorable, loyal spirit which, as we cannot doubt, has animated this one—to a calm and expectant attitude toward all critical discussions about the Bible, assured that through discussion will come a fuller apprehension of the truth, and that truth is not merely stronger, but also better, than even the most venerable error.

Church's "Francis Bacon."*

IN the writing of biography, sympathy is altogether important. If there is no affinity between the biographer and his subject, the result cannot possibly be satisfactory. In this kind of writing enthusiastic admiration is almost necessary to the highest results—not the enthusiasm which sees no faults, but that which sees all the good, and is heartily attracted to it. In the preparation of a detailed series of biographies, like that of the English Men-of-Letters, it must in some instances happen that the biographer will have little sympathy with his subject. The most serious objection to such a method of writing biography is that it becomes task-work. With but few exceptions, Mr. Morley has happily avoided that result, and he has selected his co-workers with great skill and efficiency. In the case of the biographer of Burns, we believe he made a mistake in his selection. Though we admire Prof. Shairp, yet we do not think him to be the best person to write of Burns. A writer of rare insight, his mind is not sufficiently in sympathy with that of his subject. We believe he would have done a very much better piece of work if he could have written of Bunyan, of whom he would have written with enthusiasm. And we believe it was a mistake to intrust Bunyan to the hands of Froude, for Froude does not appreciate the rare personal qualities of that wonderful genius, and he has no sympathy with his religion. Could Shairp have written of Bunyan and Froude of Burns, the result would have been much better than it is. To us it seemed a serious mistake to put Thackeray into the hands of Anthony Trollope, and the result was the poorest book in the whole series.

Dean Church is a charming writer, of fine tastes, keen powers of analysis, and of a strong philosophic grasp of thought; but we think he ought not to have written of Francis Bacon. Left to his own genius, he selects Dante and Pascal as subjects to which he can give his whole heart and mind. His idealism makes him a fit biographer for Spenser, who draws out his best qualities and his truest gifts. Having little sympathy with the inductive method in philosophy, and no enthusiasm in regard to the results of modern science, he was not the best man to select as the biographer of Bacon. He has made a very good and even an admirable book except in the one direction which was most important. As the originator of the inductive method, he has not done Bacon justice, and he has not done him justice because he does not appreciate with anything like enthusiasm the work which has been accomplished by Bacon's successors. If Bacon could have been written of as Huxley wrote of Hume, the result would have been much more valuable. Then we should have had a distinct presentation of the scientific method, and a careful analysis of Bacon's service to the establishment of that method in the study of nature. As it is, he has given us too much about

* The Book of the Beginnings. A Study of Genesis, with an Introduction to the Pentateuch. By R. Heber Newton, Rector of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Bacon. By R. W. Church. 75 cts. (English Men-of-Letters.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Bacon the politician, and too little about Bacon the thinker. Yet he has done an admirable service in the way of freeing Bacon from the unjust charges which have so long been brought against him; and he helps us to see that Bacon was a nobler man than we had supposed. He has given us an excellent picture of the times and of Bacon's relations to the political life of his age. Though we think his appreciation of Bacon's work as a discoverer is not enthusiastic enough, yet we believe he has written one of the very best books in this truly helpful and excellent series of studies of English authors.

"The Giant's Robe."*

IF THERE is any greater literary pleasure than the discovery of a good book by a new author, it is to have the second book of a successful author prove better than his first. Such a pleasure Mr. Anstey, the author of 'Vice-Versá,' has given us in his new story, 'The Giant's Robe.' Its fineness is of a kind to dwarf his earlier success as the writer of an eminently 'funny' book. 'The Giant's Robe' takes its unsuggestive title from Macbeth:

Now does he feel his title
Hang loose upon him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief;

and it deals with the mental history of a writer of books who steals his literary reputation. At first it promises merely to be very pleasant reading, a story with delightful children in it, and full of good and amusing incidents with rare touches of character; but as it advances, it becomes a metaphysical study of motive and action, wound into a plot none the less exciting for being wholly a mental and moral one. As a study of character, of motive, of remorse, it would be perhaps none the less worthy of Hawthorne for having none of that weirdness with which Hawthorne removed his most successful delineations from the atmosphere of every-day life. Those who love a hero have one here to fill their highest conceptions, while those who demand that the heroic shall not transcend the average opportunity, will acknowledge that opportunities, like in kind if not in degree to that which fell to Vincent, come to all of us. Those who want a villain will be satisfied, for here are two; and those who want the villainy circumvented, but not too easily circumvented, will be gratified also; while those who demand that even the villain shall have his good traits, will have nothing to complain of in the touch which makes the unheroic hero of the book, at the very moment when he is for the first time completely safe, voluntarily subject himself to the consequences of his wrong-doing. It may be added that these consequences implied none the less bravery for being merely that impalpable thing—a woman's contempt. Suffice it to say, Mr. Anstey will not find the robe of his already earned reputation 'hang loose' upon him after this new effort; rather will he have to discard it for one ampler and finer, which, if not a mantle fallen from other shoulders, at least suggests in its similarities only what has been fine and true in the work of others, with a touch of originality that does not shame what it is worn with.

"The Encyclopædic Dictionary."†

WE are threatened with a plethora of dictionaries and a glut of cyclopædias, and yet there are publishers who have the faith to believe that between dictionary and cyclopædia lies a field still uncultivated, inhabited by reasoning mortals wearing clothes with pockets and pocket-books therein—buyers, not to mince matters, of Mr. Robert Hunter's encyclopædic dictionary. We trust this faith will not prove hollow, for within its avowed limitations the work is a good one. It is particularly strong in archaic, technical and provincial words, such expressions as are met with in

the obsolete poets and the old Scottish Saxon writers. In some cases a word is treated at unusual length, such as 'crime, crime,' which occupies one of the three columns of the page; 'criminal,' which occupies nearly two; 'confession,' a column and a half. But the fact is that the work is much less a cyclopædia than it is a dictionary in which law-terms, obsolete Scotticisms, terms of chemistry and of science in general, names of insects, birds and beasts, fish and fossils, are given a preference. Etymology is fairly attended to without being an important feature, while pronunciation is well supported. Probably no other work of its kind contains, or will contain when it is finished, so complete a showing of Scotch living and dead words, and yet even in this line it is far from exhaustive. Under 'cat' it is noticeable that the ordinary single derivation is left—namely, from the animal, without any attempt to explain its appearance in terms of ship's rigging and games of ball. So far as it goes, however, this dictionary appears usually to be correct, and may safely be used. Its fulness in some directions and its poverty in others are strikingly felt when compared, page for page, with either Webster or Worcester or the Imperial. The woodcuts are ordinary small serviceable blocks, without attempt at delicacy in handling or printing. Each volume runs to nearly 800 pages of open, three-columned print, in which large and small types are employed to effect legibility, ease to the sight, and conciseness. Each volume appears in two parts bound separately.

"Studies in History."*

WE are not among those who join in the outcry against the republication of articles and papers originally contributed to reviews and magazines. On the contrary, we should lose much that is valuable, much that is permanently instructive and beneficial, were it not for the garnering, gleanings, and binding habits of literary people, who, more anxious for their offspring than a small section of the cynical public, decline to send them to the foundling hospital, or let them lie in the unvisited *crèche* of the monthlies in which they first saw the light. The reviews are the topmost crests and billows of this huge sea of contemporary writing; on them float all the light, and buoyant, and sparkling things, cast forth by a thousand busy brains—all the winged and barbed *miscellanea* of the time, that buzz, and sing, and sting, and make an incision in our memory; and many of the deep and remarkable things that the scholar draws reluctantly from their hiding-place, and commits, with many a prayer, to the press. The flotsam and jetsam which men fling impatiently from their minds are caught there like the echo in the shell; the stir, the song, the suffering, all are there; and to these delicate and wonderful whispering-galleries must we apply our ear if we would catch the thrilling voices of the hour. The dearest review is full of living gems, of desiccated brains that need but the vitalizing touch of republication to live and bud again, of *umbra* that wander on the Stygian shore, waiting for reincarnation at the fingers of their maker. Why should their prayer not be granted?

These reflections are suggested by Mr. Lodge's 'Studies in History' which have been sheaved and garnered in part from the columns of contemporary reviews. With a single exception, the eleven papers therein contained bear directly on the history of the United States, and are sprightly and thorough studies of their kind. Particularly good is the group of studies relating to certain Federalist leaders and their contemporaries, which form a closely connected series of biographical discussions of the prominent figures in that famous party. To our mind, however 'A Puritan Pepys,' comprising a criticism of the diary of Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, is the pleasantest paper in the book. Mr. Lodge has an exceedingly light and effective touch; he waves his hazel-wand and finds water infallibly in that arid desert of

* The Giant's Robe. By F. Anstey. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† The Encyclopædic Dictionary. A New and Original Work of Reference to all the Words in the English Language. By Robert Hunter. Vols. I., II., bound in four parts. A to Destructionist. New York: Cassell & Co.

* Studies in History. By Henry Cabot Lodge. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

early New England life; he shows us, as no common cicerone can, the lights and shades of that overclouded age, its anxieties, spiritual miseries, groanings unspeakable, its fearlessness and freedom, its simplicity, godliness, and superstition. In the essay on Hamilton we have a vivid presentation of that many-sided man as soldier, jurist, orator, statesman, and financier. Other essays on Cobbett, Fox, Pickering, Strong, Gallatin, and Webster display a similar mastery of the subject. In short, Mr. Lodge may be congratulated on giving us a book so full of literary skill, of new and bright points of view, and of solid information most agreeably conveyed.

Minor Notices.

WE cannot undertake to follow Mr. E. Walford faithfully through all the windings of his labyrinthine subject ('Greater London: Cassell & Co. '); but we can point out to our readers some of its excellences. A town that embraces within the jurisdiction of its metropolitan police a space twenty-eight miles in diameter and nearly one hundred in circumference, an 'inner zone' of 78,000 acres of solid brick, and large portions of four commonwealths or kingdoms (those of the Middle Saxons, Surrey, East Saxons, and Kent), cannot be grappled with in a few lines, however comprehensive; hence the indefatigable labors of Mr. Walford as shown in this big, double-columned guide-book, crowded with pictures and pages (576—and that vol. I. only!). That he has made it all clear we cannot say; nor can we rejoice particularly in his literary style, which necessarily suffers from the effort to describe the indescribable; but we can say that we know no book for the suburbs and environs of London at all equal to this in compass and helpfulness. Voltaire said that great generals are blamed both for what they do and for what they leave undone. The same is true of great bookmakers. They cannot do everything; but they can do much, and do that well; and so much can be conscientiously said of this new 'Siege of London' with a view to capture by belligerent tourists.

DID you ever chance to look into the pages of that prince of novelists, the Pascal of antiquity, who, though a Roman, wrote in Greek—Marcus Aurelius? The Macmillans have just 'cast his bread upon the waters' again in a beautiful little edition, edited, translated, and annotated by Prof. Crossley; and surely such bread, even though after many days, will return again in fourfold measure to him that has once tasted it. It is bread 'risen' with the yeast of the Stoic philosophy, leavened with the celestial aspiration of a great and noble spirit, flavored with magnanimity and self-abnegation. Each tiny paragraph in its exquisite Greek text contains the keynote of a pure life, enshrines a maxim strong as a trumpet-blast; each of them is like the fabled blossom of the aloe which lives a century, blossoms once, and then dies. Only these blossoms of the soul of Antoninus do not die: they live on; their penetrating perfume is in this book; they have wings like thistle down, and they lodge in the mind, fructify, germinate. If there were nothing more of Marcus Aurelius than this little libellus, filled as it is with soul even more than that famous 'animula blandula' of Hadrian, it would buoy up his memory,— 'hitch it to a star,' as Emerson says; it would hang it in Cassiopeia for us to gaze upon and reverence.

THE pseudonymous compiler of 'Lyrics of the Law' (San Francisco, Cal.: Sumner Whitney & Co.) would seem to have performed his task with a shovel. The example of 'Leading Cases done into Rhyme,' published in England a few years back, proves that it is possible to write good verse even upon a theme so uninviting as that of the law. But the present selection is stuffed out with paltry burlesques, in which puns and legal terms such as 'attachment' and 'declaration' take the place of wit and fancy. Out of about a hundred pieces here quoted, perhaps half-a-dozen

are worth reprinting; the rest it would have been charity to leave in oblivion. San Franciscans must be far from fastidious if the excessively coarse production on page 280 is to their liking.

BRIEF as are the two little sketches, we would rather have with us for summer reading the tiny book containing 'Miss Toosey's Mission' and 'Laddie' (Roberts Brothers), than many a bulkier volume full of incident and description and plot. For the book is one which it will be a pleasure to read aloud a dozen times to a dozen different people, after you have yourself discovered its delicate charm and dainty humor. It is not a string of incidents which are of no possible further interest when they have once been told to you, but a series of studies, not so much of character as of certain touches of character, whose exact charm, elusive though penetrating, you forget as soon as you have read them, only to rediscover it with renewed pleasure on taking them up again.

'VACATION CRUISING in Chesapeake and Delaware Bays' (Lippincott) is an unpretentious record of a yachting trip in regions somewhat unfamiliar to the ordinary tourist. The chronicler—Dr. J. T. Rothrock—penetrates the James River and has pleasant things to tell of the ancient colonial estates and churches along that historic stream. Notes on botany and natural history are interspersed with the record, which is autobiographic, and seems chiefly thrown together for the benefit of the friends to whom Dr. Rothrock's yacht offered 'white-winged' hospitality. What keener stimulus to jaded nerves and torpid brains can there be than such a cruise, full of sunburn, and healthfulness, and vivid ocean breezes, and oblivion of land-lubber cares?

The Magazines for July.

THE magazine editor has an almanac of his own. Just now he is gazing at his calendar and saying to himself, 'About this time prepare for snow,' just as, on the day after the issue of the Christmas number, he will remember that for him, as for the robins five months later, 'after this, there's only blossoms snows,' and he must be thinking what people will want to read on the Fourth of July. A certain similarity in the timeliness of such magazines as aim at being seasonable is not therefore surprising. The critic who reflects that he can do that part of his duty which consists in the formation of an opinion just as well on the deck of the Albany Day Boat as in his own stuffy parlor in town is hardly moved even to wonder as he opens magazine after magazine and still finds himself going up the Hudson in literature as well as in fact. Mr. James's 'Lady Barberina' takes him up the Hudson; Mr. Roe's amiable Amy, who lives all the time on the Hudson, takes him this special day to West Point, where he had made up his mind that very morning he would like to go; in an article on the 'Approaches to New York,' he learns that one of the most beautiful of these is the Hudson; while one of the poets writes a 'Choral Ode to the North River,' in which several men, women and children, who never said or thought anything of the kind, make remarks about the Hudson which the critic cannot help comparing with the observations of the men, women and children enjoining the North River at that particular moment.

Such similarity as this, we repeat, is not altogether strange; but how does it happen that on some fine day two or three editors of entirely different magazines, whose aim may be supposed to be complete originality, and who may safely be trusted to keep their own secrets, suddenly decide that about six months later the public will be crazy to know all about Verona and Juliet's Tomb, so that two or more articles on that subject, with illustrations, are apt to appear almost simultaneously? It is not at all strange that three of Mr. Stockton's stories appear in three of the July maga-

zines; for what editor would not publish a story of Mr. Stockton's every month in the year if he could get one? But how did the editor of *Lippincott's* and the editor of *The Atlantic* happen to decide simultaneously that they would give their readers in July a good deal about Chili, unless perhaps they were moved by a pardonable play upon words which they thought might be grateful to their clients' senses? How again did the editor of *The Atlantic* and the editor of *Lippincott's* both decide to give their readers in July a Chinese story, though we take pleasure in pronouncing Mr. Bishop's 'Choy Susan' so great an improvement upon his 'Merchant Prince' as to be exceedingly good. Once more, how did the editor of *Lippincott's* and the editor of *The Century* both happen to hit in July on the new Music Hall at Short Hills for description and illustration, one publishing it in an article on suburbs and the other in one on architecture, the only difference being that the suburban artist preferred small fir-trees for the landscape gardening of the scene while the architectural artist chose sun-flowers. It must be that great editorial minds run in the same channel.

One of the most interesting articles in *Harper's* is that on 'The Silent Schools,' giving the methods by which the patient teachers of the deaf-mutes accomplish what they do, with many amusing and pathetic examples of the children's curious mistakes. It is to be remembered that while the average teacher is led to that particular pursuit as a means of support—though we know of one man who chose the profession because it had so much vacation,—the teacher of deaf-mutes must have to some degree a spirit of the purest philanthropy.—'Prince Bismarck in Private Life' reveals in the great man a curious streak of pure superstition. Dr. A. Trautvetter succeeds in writing of Egypt without mentioning England, and Mr. Higginson deals with what has been known as 'the reign of Andrew Jackson,' while Mrs. Fréchette writes pleasantly of the St. Lawrence summer resorts, and Joseph Hatton describes Harrow. 'The Professional Beauties of the Last Century,' who all appeared in another magazine not long ago, all appear again, and are all again interesting. One of the birthday-presents in Mr. Roe's serial is a valuable suggestion: give your daughter an opera-glass this summer, not to gaze at a *prima-donna* with, but to watch the birds closely enough to look right into their little throats, and see the notes they fling abroad so vivaciously. We will bear witness that our own opera-glasses are most frequently in requisition on the piazza of a certain Western ranch—which brings us to the consideration of the article on beef. The author believes in eating Western beef, and still more in raising Western beef, and we agree with him, though his figures remind one a little of the arithmetical calculations of the mistress of Rudder Grange in estimating her profits from her chickens. The short story, 'An Honest Soul,' is one of the prettiest of the month. A good story without a particle of love in it is indeed original.

The Earl of Dufferin bears off the honors in *The Manhattan*. Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., is quite sure that no genuine White Elephant ever left Siam; and J. Parker Norris is very anxious that we should open Shakspeare's grave. 'Retrospections of the American Stage' is the most entertaining instalment yet, full of amusing anecdote; and Charlotte Fiske Bates has some capital quatrains on being called a goose. 'The Ancient Water Supply of Constantinople' is the most interesting descriptive article, though 'Riverside Park' appeals closely to home interest.

In *Lippincott's*, besides what we have already alluded to, Miss Tinker begins a sequel to 'The Jewel in the Lotus' in a story full of picturesque color. The 'Recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson' are especially interesting as containing a memorandum of Emerson's exclamation on hearing that his kindly burst of enthusiasm to Walt Whitman had been printed in the *Tribune*: 'Dear, dear,' he muttered; 'that was very wrong, very wrong indeed! Had I intended it for publication, I should have enlarged the *but* very much!'

To us the most valuable article in *The Atlantic* is 'The Underworld in Homer, Virgil and Dante.' In the Homeric poems, and in the *Aeneid* with a single exception, the dead have no knowledge of earthly events, while in the *Commedia* even the damned have a more or less perfect knowledge of what occurs on earth. In both the classic poets, the future life is a pale reflection of the present one; in Dante, the disembodied soul has much greater intellectual power, the Hebrew belief in the flesh as a prison-house having gained in strength. Mr. Aldrich has written quatrains, and we have admired them; but they were not the five printed in this number. Miss Preston has an admirable title for her 'Gospel of Defeat.'

It is with a smile and a sigh that we still see 'Dr. Sevier' on the title-page of *The Century*; the sort of smile and sigh that we give to a pleasant friend who has decided to take us at our word and drop in to tea every Sunday night through the year. It is a pity that work in every way so good should in any way make itself ridiculous, but 'Dr. Sevier' is fast becoming ridiculous in its length. Yellow fever comes, and dire diseases go, but the Richlings live on forever; John begins to lose money, and still Mary does not go; John begins to make money, and still Mary does not come. The advertisements state that in the present number we hear 'the mutterings of war'; can it be that Mr. Cable is going to drag us through the entire Rebellion? For if these are only the 'mutterings,' how many chapters will the War itself require?—Mr. James wisely brings 'Lady Barberina' to a close, in an instalment deliciously full of international 'good things,' adding to our faith that what amuses him is not the spectacle of America, but the spectacle of life. Those who chose to 'get mad' over his 'Daisy Miller' will have a chance to see that he does not always admire everything English, and that he even realizes how a young American who has married a duke's daughter with confiding faith in the noble effect of race upon his children, may come to scan the faces of those very infants for traces of race with quite as much fear as hope.—An article on the 'United States Pension Office' deals with conspicuous fraud in that department, and another on the Ku Klux Klan assures us that its birth was an accident and its growth a comedy, though its death was tragic. The *bric-à-brac* verses are better than usual; and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, whose literary style is almost brilliant, however quiet her theme, will interest many besides those who care for architecture.

The best of the fiction in *The Continent* is Helen Campbell's story of 'The Family Tree,' with its old landlord, almost as good as Mrs. Poyser, who remarks of a certain shiftless professor of religion, that somehow 'the church'll take most anything it can get hold of.' The story of 'On a Margin' gives some promise of being striking by-and-by; and the article on the beautiful Louise of Prussia is well written and interesting.

In *The English Illustrated* we have the city of Bath, 'Drawing-room Dances,' and a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, with a story by Mr. James, admirable, if for nothing else, in its analysis of the æsthetic young lady, whose character and mind somehow do not turn out so remarkable as her clothes would lead one to expect.

The Lounger

I SHOULD like to ask the editor of *Appleton's Bulletin*, who usually writes from such abundant knowledge, why, if English authors are so much better paid in England, they bring their wares to the American market for sale? He quotes Mr. Anthony Trollope as saying that he was sometimes paid as much as \$15,000 for one novel, and then asks if I believe that, 'under the American plan of publication, an author of Trollope's standing could make as much as this, or even half as much?' By 'cash down' only, no; by 'cash down' for serial publication and royalty on the sale of the book, yes. 'It is doubtful,' continues this writer, 'whether there is a living American novelist, however popular he may be, that gets more, or much more, than a third of fifteen thousand dollars for a single novel.'

Now I happen to know that Messrs. Howells, James and Cable get 'a third of fifteen thousand dollars' for the right to publish their stories serially. Say that twenty thousand copies of any one of their novels are sold in book-form afterwards, and that the author gets the customary ten per cent on a \$1.50 book. That is \$3000, which, added to the \$5000 received from the magazine that first published the story, makes \$8000. When Mr. Trollope quotes \$15,000 as the profit on one of his novels, he probably includes its American sale. If I remember rightly the Messrs. Appleton paid Mr. Trollope or his publishers \$1500 for the right to publish 'Ralph the Heir' in *Appleton's Journal*, and the Messrs. Harper paid more than \$15,000 all told for his other stories.

THAT English authors are well paid by American publishers is proved by two cases in point: Charles Reade received nearly \$900 from the Harpers for his story, 'The Picture,' and between \$5000 and \$6000 for his batch of 'Good Stories.' I believe they paid Mr. Black considerably more for his last novel. The old cry of 'pirate' has no longer any meaning, unless by pirate is meant one who, without any legal protection, pays a fair price to an author for his works.

EMPEROR BISMARCK, as we may term him, belongs by no means to the class of impecunious Teutons. In his official capacity, as Chancellor of the German Empire, he receives \$13,500 per annum. His Schoenhausen estate in Altmark is a capital piece of ground, and contains about 2800 *morgen* of land. In 1867 the Prussian Diet granted him \$300,000, with which he purchased the famous Varzin estate in Nether Pomerania. This property contains 30,000 *morgen* of land, and has been increased by the purchase of the Sedlitz and Thorow estates. In 1871 the Kaiser, exercising his rights as Sovereign Duke of Lauenburg, bestowed upon his favorite the magnificent beech-forest of Sachsenwald on the Elbe, near Hamburg—an estate of 28,000 *morgen*; and to this the Chancellor has added the contiguous estates of Schoenan, Silk, and a large farm. The Sachsenwald estate is worth \$750,000 and yields an income of \$25,000 per annum.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Pall Mall Gazette* thinks Tennyson neglected a great opportunity when he put the following lines in his epitaph for the statue of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in Westminster Abbey:

Here silent in our Minster of the West
Who wert the voice of England in the East.

He thinks the last line should have been: 'Who wert in life our Minister in the East!'

* If I did not know that Mr. F. H. Sargent was a very serious young man, I should take his Open Letter in the July *Century* as a huge joke—particularly the paragraph in which he says 'When we realize that in the United States we possess the best-trained teachers in the various branches of the dramatic art, in pantomime, elocution, vocalization, etc., hardly excepting the French, the best teachers of these specialties in the world; and when we realize also that our people have more dramatic instinct inborn than most other nations—than the German or English, for example—the thought will occur to every one: "Why not an American Conservatory of Dramatic Art?"'

I DON'T know that there is the slightest objection to Mr. Sargent's conservatory; but isn't it rather a sweeping assertion to say that we have the 'best trained teachers,' and that 'our people have more dramatic instinct inborn than most other nations?' Have we any teachers to compare with Regnier, Delaunay, or Got?—and how does the American dramatic instinct compare with that of the French and Italians, for example?

APROPOS of the brilliant glimpse of the wonder-worker Worth given us in the contributors' corner of a late *Atlantic*, a Spanish writer goes into an amusing calculation of the cost of visiting the milliner's establishment with a view of showing one's self—in Spanish phrase—polite to one's wife. The señora must have a modest gown for a ball-dress, a gown not over-garnished with hand-woven felicities, either; but this gown will cost \$400. Now the happy husband is the author of a celebrated novel, entitled 'Pepita Jiménez,' which is in everybody's hands. Can he buy the señora's much-coveted robe with the product of this famous production? Alas! with all its reputation, 'Pepita Jiménez' has never harvested so rich a sum. Suppose in his perplexity—the señora is growing serious—he turn to his vine-

yards. Spanish vineyards are proverbial for their wonderful fertility. Let's see. Wine sells in the crude at fifty cents the six gallons; but then 4800 gallons of wine will be necessary to purchase the garment—a veritable river of wine. Each acre of vineland will produce in moderate seasons 600 gallons a year; therefore eight acres of grapes will be required for a single act of politeness to one's wife. But then consider the toil and the toil included—the working of the soil, the digging, hoeing, re-hoeing of the vine-stock, the sulphuring of the grapes, the salary of the viñador, the cost of the grape-picking, the endless pruning, and the nurturing of the vine-sprouts. All this will cost perhaps \$300; so that the liquid product of the eight acres will not, after all, be more than \$100. It is indispensable, consequently, that one should be the proprietor of thirty-two acres of excellent vines if one would clasp that grown to one's heart with the blissful consciousness of 'mostrarse galante.' But if, instead of the miracle of the conversion of wine into Worth, one purchases the señora's costume with the product of the estates that produce only the Spanish broom, a square league of such lands will be required to go into each square metre of the silk that the airy creature will trail in triumph behind her. Poor señora,—the gown must go!

IN 'a fragment of contemporary biography' just issued here in pamphlet-form under the name of 'Piccadilly,' Mr. Laurence Oliphant alludes to a well-known American man-of-letters, not many years in the grave, in a way that provoked me to sudden mirth: 'As I walked home, with the piercing March wind cutting me through, solemn thoughts and earnest aspirations arose within me, and, struggling into existence amid the wreck that seemed to strew the disturbed chambers of my brain, came the prayer of an old saint, which, in years gone by, had fixed itself permanently in some vacant niche of my mind:

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner self
Than that I may not disappoint myself.'

These two, and eight of the twelve lines that follow them, I remembered having read in *THE CRITIC* a few short years ago (March 26, 1881), where they were attributed to a man who had a decided touch of stoicism in his moral make-up, and who had sometimes been described as a hermit, but who, so far as I could remember, had never been officially canonized, and had certainly never before been called 'an old saint' by friend or foe. The verses were quoted in an article containing a number of unpublished fragments by Thoreau, copied by Mr. F. B. Sanborn from a sheet of manuscript found in a volume of *The Dial* that had once belonged to the poet himself. Unlike the stanzas printed with them, they had seen the light before, having been quoted by Emerson in an essay on prayer, contributed to *The Dial* for July, 1842. It was either there, or in Miss Sophia Thoreau's collection of her brother's writings, that Mr. Oliphant must have seen them; and if he has really forgotten their origin, no one will be more amused than he at finding that he has unwittingly given the Hermit of Walden Pond a place in the calendar.

Ash, Alder, Maple.

FINELY the tapering ash displays
Its just proportions, fairly crowned;
Its peak ascends, and from its base
The stately branches sweep the ground.

The rugged bark in furrow folds
Asserts an athlete's make within,
And to the supple sinew moulds,
As fits the snake his leathern skin.

The fertile alder, hundred-armed,
Makes every unclaimed spot its own;
The lawless life is surely charmed
That swells its pollen-pregnant cone.

The maple through its kindly veins
Filters the air-drenched sunlight fine;
The climbing sap its height attains,
Its wood is steeped in amber wine.

Each frost-bound fibre thus made new
While yet the day is halved with night,
Its boughs ensphered against the blue
Speak to the eye in lines of light.

ELAINE GOODALE.

Piratical English Publishers.

IN these days, when the American publisher is so loudly—and not always undeservedly—charged with piracy by the authors of England, it is interesting to re-read Carlyle's 'Notice,' prefixed to the English edition of the second series of Emerson's *Essays*, published in London by John Chapman in 1844. A copy of this edition—now a rare book—was brought to our office a few days since, and a transcript made of the brief preface. It shows that England, then as now, was infested, as America is and was, by 'unauthorized reprinters, and adventurous spirits inclined to do a little in the pirate line.'

Here is a new volume of *Essays* by Emerson; concerning which I am to certify, that this English edition of them seems to be correctly printed; that the English publisher is one appointed by the author himself, and is under contract with him as to the pecuniary results. To Emerson's readers in England I am to certify so much; leaving the inference from it to their own honorable and friendly thought. To unauthorized reprinters, and adventurous spirits inclined to do a little in the pirate line, it may be proper to recall the known fact which should be very present to us all without recalling, that *theft* in any sort is abhorrent to the mind of man;—that theft is theft, under whatever meridian of longitude, in whatever 'nation,' foreign or domestic, the man stolen from may live; and whether there be any treadmill and gallows for his thief, or no apparatus of that kind! Such suggestion may perhaps have its weight with here and there an incipient adventurous spirit meditating somewhat in the picaresque or pirate line, and contribute to direct him into better courses: who knows? For other spirits no longer open to such suggestions, the present publisher trusts that he has *suggestions* of a much more appropriate, intelligible, and effectual kind, in readiness if needed. Very happily the author himself is not, in his economics, dependent on this claim now made for him, or on any such; yet it will be handsome in the British nation to recognize it a little! The laborer is worthy of his hire. Yes; and he that brings us (not in his sleep, I fancy!) new fire from the Empyrean—new tidings of such,—he too, one would imagine, is worthy that we should leave him the exiguous sixpence a copy, which falls to his share in the adventure, and not steal it from him! More on this rather paltry department of the business, I had not to say; and to touch on any other department of it was not in my commission at present. I will wish the brave Emerson a fair welcome among us again; and leave him to speak to his old friends again and to make new.

LONDON, 25th OCTOBER, 1844.

T. CARLYLE.

Banjo and Bones.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

'I HAVE a reasonable good ear in music,' remarks that typical amateur actor, Bottom the Weaver; 'let's have the tongs and the bones.' The tongs, though not obsolete, are now something archaic, but masters of the noisy art and mystery of bone-playing are still to be found disguised in black and set over against masters of the more dulcet tambourine, at the opposite ends of the semi-circle of sable performers known to the world at large as negro minstrels. It is, perhaps, more accurate to confess at once that the negro minstrel is practically known and loved only in those parts of the world where the English language is spoken. The burnt-cork opera of the Christy Minstrel is appreciated only in Great Britain, in Greater Britain, and in the United States of America—where, in fact, it had its rise some two score years ago. Where the English language is not spoken, the grotesque verbal dislocations of Brudder Bones somehow fail of their reward. Indeed nothing can be more humorously pathetic than the dignified and reserved attitude of the audience in a Parisian *café chantant*—the Alcazar or the Ambassadeurs in summer or the Eldorado in winter—when a pair of blacked-up and hopelessly *à-less* Cockneys are attempting an exact imitation of the sayings and doings of the American plantation negro, studied by them at second-hand from some Irish-American performer who had probably never in his life seen a cotton-field or a sugar-house. And the estate of the Germans is yet less gracious than that of the Frenchmen; there is even a legend in circulation setting forth the absolute failure of an enterprising American manager's attempt to invade Germany with a resolute band of negro minstrels, in consequence of the perspicacity of the German critics in detecting the fraud of trying to pass off as negroes white men artificially blackened! Obviously, the imitation darkey of the negro-minstrel stage did not coincide with the

genuine darkey as evolved from the Teutonic inner consciousness. Probably the German critics would have objected even to the conscientious display of misplaced zeal which it was our good fortune once to behold in America. At the huge summer hotels which make Saratoga one of the brightest and gayest of American watering-places, the attendants in the dining-rooms are generally negroes, varying in hue from the ebony of the full-blooded black to the tawny ivory of the octoroon. The waiters of one of these hotels sometimes obtain permission to give 'a minstrel show' in the dining-room, to which the amused 'guests' of the hotel are admitted for a price. It was one of these minstrel shows, given at a Saratoga hotel three summers ago by genuine darkeys, that we were privileged to attend; and when the curtains were drawn aside, discovering the row of sable performers, it was perceived to the great and abiding joy of the spectators that the musicians were all of a uniform darkness of hue, and that they, genuine negroes as they were, had 'blackened up,' the more closely to resemble the professional negro minstrels.

This personal experience is valuable in so far as it may show how firm is the rule of convention in theatrical circles, and how the accepted type comes in time to seem preferable to the real thing. It is useful also in suggesting that the negro minstrel is getting to be a law unto himself, and ceasing to be an imitator of the exact facts of plantation life. In the beginning of negro minstrelsy, when the first band of 'Ethiopian Serenaders,' as they were then called, came into existence, its sole excuse for being was that it endeavored to reproduce the life of the plantation darkey. The songs sung by the early Ethiopian Serenaders, before the original E. P. Christy or his nephew, the late George Christy, came into prominence, were reminiscences of songs heard where the negro was at work, on the river steamboat, in the sugar-field, or at the camp-meeting—the hardest kind of labor to a negro was religion. These songs retained the flavor of slave life, with all its pathos, its yearning, its hopelessness, its mournfulness. To this period belongs Stephen C. Foster, who remains to this day the most truly American of all American composers. As the slave songs are the only indigenous tunes which America has produced, Foster availed himself of hints from them, and he borrowed from wandering negroes both the themes and the method of some of his best songs. The typical song of this period is 'The Old Folks at Home,' with its wailing refrain and its suggestion of unutterable longing. The actual melodies of the plantation slave have been made known to European critics by the various wandering bands of Jubilee Singers, who have travelled the world over singing their rude and effective hymns. Some of their songs have been borrowed by Mr. Sankey, and others, as we have said, have been taken by the negro minstrels. Their full beauty will not be recognized generally until America shall bring forth a composer with imagination enough and with skill enough to do for these rich themes what has already been done so brilliantly and so effectively for the folk-songs of Hungary and Scandinavia.

The first negro-minstrel company was organized in 1843, and it consisted of four performers, who had each appeared singly as impersonators of the plantation negro. One of the original four, D. D. Emmett, who still survives, was the composer of 'Dixie,' which afterward became the battle-song of the Southern Confederacy. In the beginning these performers gave their concert as an interlude between two plays in a regular theatre. The popularity of the new entertainment led to its expansion, until it could fill the bill of an entire evening's amusement. It was at a very early stage in its career that the programme of a negro-minstrel performance fell into three divisions—the 'first part,' the 'olio,' and the after-piece. The 'first part' retains its name to the present day; it is the portion of the entertainment provided by a single row of negro minstrels seated on chairs, with the grave 'Interlocutor' in the centre, while at the ends are Bones and Tambo, the 'end-men,' who are known in England, oddly enough, as the 'corner-men.' This row of negro minstrels consisted at first of four, but it gradually expanded to twenty, until the great Mr. Haverly suddenly declared that he had 'forty—count them—forty.' In the performances now given at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—and the name is not ill-chosen, for some of the merry jests retailed by Mr. Haverly's comedians are surely as old as the mastodon and the mammoth—there are nearly sixty performers visible, line upon line, rising in tiers nearly to the flies. On the wings of this sable array are a score of end-men with tambourines and with bones; while the star end-men, the chief comedians, are so many and so important that they appear in relays, one replacing the other. This, of course, is a doing of things on a large scale, and certainly it succeeds in breaking up the monotony of a single

line of performers quite as effectually as did the New York minstrel manager who scattered the actors in his 'first part' through a handsomely-furnished drawing-room in a vain effort to make the entertainment appear in the semblance of an evening party. The second part of a minstrel show is the 'olio'—and this is only a variety entertainment, of banjo-playing, clog-dancing, and the like, by imitation negroes. Occasionally one of the sketches now and again performed really recalls the actual negro, notably the little charcoal outline of the 'Watermelon Man,' as presented by Mr. McAndrews. But in general the 'olio' is as far away from the actual facts of plantation life as the first part; and when we say that two of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are sufficiently conscience-less to sing Irish comic songs, the full extent of this decadence is made visible. And, in like manner, the after-piece, which once attempted to reproduce dramatically the mingled simplicity and cunning of the negro, is now a parody of a popular play, a burlesque opera, or any other comic drama as far removed as possible from the ken of the dwellers on the old plantation. Nowadays any kind of a farce may be performed as an after-piece. We have seen, with much amusement, a broadly comic play called 'The Great Sheep Case,' in which we recognized a blackened perversion of 'The Village Lawyer,' a farce of Garrick's day; and we happened to know that 'The Village Lawyer' was a free rendering of 'L'Avocat Pathelin' of Brueys and Palaprat, which in turn was a modernization of 'Pathelin,' one of the oldest surviving farces of the French stage.

The entertainment now offered at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's American and European Mastodon Minstrels is emphatically a Big Thing after the most approved fashion of American Big Things. Mr. Haverly is, plainly enough, a manager with Napoleonic conceptions, worthy of comparison with those of the mysterious and mighty Mr. Barnum, whose Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is hardly more astounding or more kaleidoscopic than this sable exhibition of Mr. Haverly's. We incline to think that Mr. Barnum's show is scarcely more unlike the primitive circus than Mr. Haverly's Minstrels are unlike the original Ethiopian Serenaders. And Mr. Haverly has a full share of the sublime self-confidence and of the marvellous knowledge of effect which combine to make Mr. Barnum what he is—one of the wonders of the world, far more remarkable and better worth the full price of admission than any of the Living Curiosities gathered into his Ethnological Congress. From the first part of Mr. Haverly's programme to the last part everything is done on a grand scale; there are six eminent end-men appearing in pairs in relays; there are eighteen other exponents of the bones and the tambourine; there are about sixty performers on the stage at once; there are sand-dances by a sextet of agile and ebony operators, and clog-dances by a score of glittering and airy apparitions, who appear in shiny mail to go through a Silver Combat Clog-Dance—which, indeed, must be seen to be appreciated. Above all, there is Mr. Frank E. McNish, one of the most quaintly humorous performers it has ever been our good fortune to see. Mr. McNish is primarily an acrobat, and he is an acrobat of very unusual skill and of a most delightful felicity and certainty of execution. But what gives zest to the merit of his performance is his odd dramatic assumption that he is in danger of interruption from some unseen bully of an overseer. Mr. McNish's extraordinary performance, as extraordinary in its humor as in its novelty, is beyond all question a thing to be seen. Among the other performers, Mr. William Emerson and Mr. William Sweetman are the most amusing, and Messrs. Sandford and Wilson are the most true to the negro character. In general, as we have said, there is but a bare pretence of the imitation of plantation life in any modern minstrel performance; and perhaps Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are no worse in this respect than any other. But the sentimental ballads of the first part—not as many nor as delicately shaded as other minstrel companies have accustomed us to—have no trace of the real negro song, which is to be detected, however, in one or two of the comic ditties, notably in Mr. Morton's 'I'm high-minded.' In general, the comic songs of Mr. Haverly's performers are better than the sentimental; they are sung, too, with better assistance from the chorus; and some of them are rendered with a certainty of effect, and indeed a multiplicity of effects, most amusing. In fact, of the entire programme of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—despite the melancholy fact that that programme is unduly long—we may say, with Abraham Lincoln, that 'those who like that sort of thing will find this just the sort of thing they like.'

The instruments of the four performers in the original band of Ethiopian Serenaders were the banjo and the bones, the violin and the tambourine—and for a long while the place of the stately

Interlocutor (who sits in the centre of the semicircle and allows the humorous end-men to extract unlimited fun from the extremely complicated relations of the Interlocutor's numerous fathers and brothers and sisters) was filled by the banjoist, who repeated the conundrum propounded by Brudder Bones or Brudder Tambo, so that there might be no misunderstanding of its conditions, making the point clear to the dullest comprehension, much in the manner of the catechizing Sunday-school visitor. Of these four instruments most persons would at once pick out the banjo as most characteristic of the negro race, recognizing the Elizabethan existence of the bones, the Basque origin of the tambourine, and the wholly un-Ethiopian genesis of the violin. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, however, the creator of the always delightful Uncle Remus, and a very close student of the actual facts of negro life, wrote a paper last winter in which he declared that the banjo was not a negro instrument at all, and that the preference of the darkey was wholly for the violin. Mr. Harris, whose opportunities for observation, especially in Georgia, have been as well utilized as they have been ample, declared that 'the banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation negro, but I have never seen a plantation negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones, in the hands of a plantation-negro.' And, after specifying that his experience extends only to Middle Georgia, where, however, there were negroes from Virginia and from other parts of the South, Mr. Harris adds: 'I have seen the negro at work, and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have seen him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle, and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo.' This iconoclastic shattering of tradition and convention was most tolerable and not to be endured; and the succeeding numbers of THE CRITIC (in which Mr. Harris's pungent paper was published) contained letters from many correspondents, all of whom bore witness to the fact that the plantation-negro did sometimes play on the banjo. No attempt was made to show that the negro knew anything at all about the bones or the tambourine. But the use of the banjo by plantation-negroes in Virginia was established beyond all cavil. One correspondent aptly quoted a foot-note from the rare first edition of Jefferson's 'Notes on Virginia' (1784) which supplemented an assertion in the text that the negroes have an accurate ear for music with the declaration that 'the instrument proper to them is the Banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar.' Mr. George W. Cable, the author of the fresh and subtle sketches of life in New Orleans, 'Old Creole Days,' has had occasion to observe the negro in Louisiana as carefully as Mr. Harris has observed him in Georgia; and Mr. Cable has found a hundred times as many fiddles on a plantation as banjos. Mr. Cable agrees with Mr. Harris in asserting that the banjo is not a very common instrument on the plantation; but he asserts that he has often spent half the night listening to negroes 'picking' the banjo in monotonous accompaniment to their songs. Mr. Cable quoted a little Creole song, in which the slave seems to take his banjo into his confidence as he describes a passing dandy:

Voyez ce mulet-là, Musieu Bainjo,
Comme il est insolent;
Chapeau sur côté, Musieu Bainjo,
La canne à la main, Musieu Bainjo,
Botte qui fait crin, crin, Musieu Bainjo.

Mr. Cable, however, disagrees absolutely with Mr. Harris in the main issue. He says that the banjo is just as much a negro instrument as the barrel with the jawbone drumsticks which the negroes use in their dances. And all truly conservative lovers of tradition will rejoice that Mr. Harris has been overthrown. It is bad enough to deprive the negro of his tambourine and his bones; to rob him of his banjo is brutal.

A Famous Journalist on his Work.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THERE are many who look forward from week to week to those columns of *The Illustrated London News* which Mr. Sala calls his own, columns which from week to week the famous chronicleur, philologist, traveller, raconteur, leader-writer, fills with pleasant gossip, quaint lore, and varied learning. For the

benefit of Mr. Sala's many readers who are anxious to preserve his good things in a less perishable and more handy form than that of an illustrated newspaper, Mr. Sala has for the second time collected and edited these fugitive notes from the 'Echoes of the Week.' No one will turn over the leaves of this bright-covered volume (Remington & Co.) without deriving some benefit. Here he may pause to reflect, there he may laugh over a good story. He will find notes on history and biography, notes literary and artistic, on topics sporting, social, political, and dramatic. If he inclines to the scientific, or to the legal, he has but to turn to the index, and he will find what he wants in a second. Every one knows that Mr. Sala is a *bon viveur*, and all recognize his claims as an authority on matters gastronomical. But it would be impossible to enumerate the many subjects which Mr. Sala's facile pen touches. Wherever one turns there is something for every man in every mood. 'The Echoes for the Year 1883 will, I hope,' says Mr. Sala, 'be taken with the lawyer's saving clause, "errors excepted." I have a great natural capacity for blundering; and owing to that fact, and the circumstance that my eyesight, normally weak, is growing weaker every year, while my handwriting, which was once a joy to the compositors, has become their despair, it is possible that a great many errors, typographical and otherwise, may have crept into these pages.' We have often admired Mr. Sala's beautiful clerical hand, the neatness of his letters, the symmetry of their formation, the delicacy of their lines, with envy, and feel confident, in spite of these pessimistic sentences, that it will be long before compositors do not welcome Mr. Sala's 'copy.'

In his preface Mr. Sala lets us into one or two little journalistic secrets which we do not hesitate to reveal. 'I have had,' he says, 'during a career much less of a literary than of a journalistic character, extending over more than five and thirty years, a great deal to do with publishers. I may add that, of some thirty works to which my name is attached, not one has made its appearance in book form without its having previously passed through the columns of a newspaper, or the pages of a magazine, or some other periodical; and it has been to me matter of standing astonishment that booksellers should have cared to buy, or the public to read, that which, as a rule, had been written in a desperate hurry, and the defects of which no subsequent revision could cure. The few and unsuccessful novels which I have attempted have been, as literary performances, more hurried than my newspaper contributions; for very many of the latter were penned in far distant countries before the days of ocean telegraphy, and a special correspondent abroad did not (before he was tied to the tail of a wire) work every day in the week; and (unless he was on the war-path) he had some little leisure to look about him, confer with himself, and model his article in his mind, before committing that article to paper. But when the journalist is at home, and to the functions of a writer of leading articles adds those of a reviewer, an art critic, a dramatic critic, and a scribbler of gossip—to say nothing of the production of a large quantity of miscellaneous work of which the public have no more suspicion of his being the author than they have of his being the Mahdi—all that he does (the leading article always excepted) must be done in a hurry. The exercise last named, indeed, must of necessity be deliberately planned, carefully thought out, and written with the greatest care and attention. It fills only a column and one-eighth of largish type; its actual composition does not occupy more than two hours; but, at least, preliminary three hours—and often more—must be devoted to the mental adjustment of its form and manner. In the course of twenty-four hours it is completely forgotten. I have written some seven thousand of these ephemeral essays; and I can conscientiously declare that very few of their number have been hurried in their composition. If an artisan is to be allowed to judge of his own work, I may say that the very best of the poor stuff which I have produced has appeared in the leading columns of a daily newspaper to which, during a period of twenty-seven years, I have been a constant contributor; and now that I am growing old and past service, I sometimes reflect, with no small amount of bitterness, that the papers to the preparation and execution of which I have devoted all the knowledge and all the capacity which I may possess, and which contain the whole marrow of what mind I may have, will never see the light again; and that I shall be remembered—if I am remembered at all—only as a writer of a mass of desultory essays and sketches of foreign travel, of a mass of bald chat, and four bad novels. The last, perhaps, show more than do any other of the things which I have written the marks of slovenliness and haste; for when I am in England I work at my trade as a journalist many hours every day, except Saturday; and the few romances which the proprietors of periodicals have induced me to write have

been flung off in the brief intervals between the daily spells of grinding newspaper toil; flung off so rapidly that I have often, while rushing through an instalment of a tale for the "copy" of which the printer's boy has been clamoring in the passage, forgotten the very names of the characters whom I had introduced in the preceding portion.'

Mr. Sala has a great army of correspondents, hailing, he says, from every quarter of the globe, and belonging to all ranks and conditions of society—from noblemen and fine ladies to paupers and ticket-of-leave men. 'From reverend divines and grave archæologists to schoolboys and schoolgirls, from general officers to hospital orderlies, from physicians to undertakers, from mad doctors to mad folk—all seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the "Echoes of the Week" in *The Illustrated London News* are a series of answers to correspondents, and should be nothing else; and they besiege me with questions and importune me to answer them forthwith.' He sometimes speaks reproachfully of these friends of his concerning their queries, but some of them apparently contribute not only to his waste-paper basket, but to more interesting regions of Mecklenburgh Square. 'If I mention,' he writes in his preface, 'with gratitude the unknown ladies and gentlemen who have from time to time sent me presents of potatoes, Indian corn, Kentish butter, apple jam, Bath Olivers, and gingerbread nuts—one good soul offered to send me some conger-eel, but the dreaded gift fortunately did not arrive—I do so certainly not with any inert intent of hinting that a repetition of such favors would be agreeable to me, but with a view to respectfully deprecating the sending to me, under any circumstances whatever, of packages of what the Americans term "projuce."'

Current Criticism

WALTER BESANT'S NEW NOVEL:—'Dorothy Forster' is a real *tour de force*. Mr. Besant's ability has never before been shown so conspicuously. He has made his heroine tell the story of Lord Derwentwater and the Northumbrian rising in 1715, and every word of it may be read with unflagging interest, in spite of the extraordinary amount of family history and local detail worked into it. The book is a genuine romance, too, though the love story is after no conventional pattern, and indeed does not furnish the leading thread of the plot. The great difficulty of the historical novel—the weaving of the love story into the web of facts so as to make the whole seem natural and consistent—is overcome with surprising success. Perhaps no greater praise can be given than by saying that as one reads the story one forgets to be critical, and leaves it feeling only that one is pleased and affected.—*The Athenæum*.

'JOHN OF BIRDS':—We are glad to see that the success of 'Winter Sunshine' has encouraged the publication in this country of reprints of two more of Mr. Burroughs's volumes. 'John of Birds,' as some of his American friends call the author of these charming books about nature, is the latest of those naturalist poets who form so fascinating a class in modern literature. He is of the same breed as Gilbert White of Selborne, as Audubon, as Thoreau, and he combines their exactitude of observation, their scientific sympathy, with more careful study of style than they chose to give in jotting down their impressions. But, although he has the studied charm that care in writing and a familiarity with the English classics gives, Mr. Burroughs's main peculiarity is his indifference to book-learning and the tradition of naturalists, and in this he is like Mr. Richard Jefferies before the latter was persuaded by a too facile success to over-write himself. 'John of Birds' troubles us very little with theories that are not based on his personal observation, or with facts that he has not himself collected in the woods and fields. He is a New England farmer, who has been accustomed to take his holidays, not in towns or watering-places, but among the Maine woods, or at the Adirondacks, or in the wilds of Canada, and whose eyes have always been open to nature, whether he has been at work or at play.—*The Saturday Review*.

TENNYSON'S INSPIRATION FROM THE PYRENEES:—The Poet Laureate's letter to Mr. E. S. Dawson, of Montreal, just published in the second edition of Mr. Dawson's 'Study of The Princess,' and reprinted from *THE CRITIC* in *The Academy* of May 24, reminds me of the following passages in some letters which Clough wrote from the Pyrenees while the Poet Laureate also was in that region, and which (under the erroneous heading 'London') are in Clough's 'Poems and Prose Remains' (1869), vol. i., pp. 264-69:—'Luz, St. Sauveur, September 1 [1861]. . . . Tennyson was here, with Arthur Hallam, thirty-

one years ago, and really finds great pleasure in the place; they stayed here and at Cauterets. 'Enone,' he said, was written on the inspiration of the Pyrenees, which stood for Ida.' 'Cauterets, September 7. . . . I have been out for a walk with A. T. to a sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it, of which he retained a recollection from his visit of thirty-one years ago, and which, moreover, furnished a simile to 'The Princess.' He is very fond of this place evidently, and it is more in the mountains than any other, and so far superior.' The simile referred to is, no doubt, that in the following lines:—

'not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right an I left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dash'd to the vale.'

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL.

COMBE VICARAGE, NEAR WOODSTOCK, June 10, 1884.

The Academy.

ENGLISHMEN AND GEOGRAPHY:—The proportion even of fairly cultivated men who know the whole surface of the world as they know the surface of their libraries, so as to be able to tell at once what an unusual telegram means, to place the last earthquake in the Eastern Archipelago, to localize the latest revolt in Spanish America, and to comprehend why Germans are swearing about Angra Pequena and English arrogance, is exceedingly small; while half even of them know nothing but the map—that is, the relative place of the country they are talking about, and the general route from Europe to the spot. They can seldom tell if it is mountainous or the reverse (nine out of ten men expect mountains between Hamburg and Moscow)—have not an idea about its water system, and are ignorant of comparative spaces to a degree which to those who have any local knowledge is almost incredible. It was not a foolish man who told his nephew, just starting for Calcutta, that he could ride across to Bombay on Saturdays; nor was the clergyman ill-informed who maintained that Egypt, as a Bible country, must be at least as large as France.—*The Spectator*.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE WAS:—Shakespeare, despite all that the commentators, doctors, lawyers, ornithologists, entomologists, botanists, and other specialists find, or pretend to find, in his work, was anything but a man of learning. He knew 'small Latin, and less Greek,' and had but a smattering of French. Even of English literature, other than what was contemporary, he was no profound student, though he seems to have read with some attention both Chaucer and the older chronicles. But if he had little learning, he had much knowledge. His mind assimilated the very marrow of the books he read, and, above all, seized upon what was likely to be serviceable to him in his profession of playwright. His genius was not the predominance of a faculty, but the predominance of all faculties. He is as accurate as he is a keen observer, whether concerned with a country custom or legend, with a craftsman's detail, with a fact of Nature, or with a mental or emotional phase. In especial, he is never diffuse.—*The Spectator*.

Notes

THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE were consolidated at the beginning of the present year, so that the number issued to-day completes the first volume of the combined reviews. An index to the volume is being prepared, and will be sent to every subscriber as soon as it is printed.

The August *Harper's* will have a paper on Richfield Springs, by Dr. F. J. Nott, who has made a careful analysis of their waters. The Springs as a summer-resort will not come under consideration; their medical properties alone will be discussed. It will be remembered that *Harper's* contained a similar article a year ago on the waters of Carlsbad.

The successful author of 'Called Back,' who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Hugh Conway, has confessed his real name to be F. J. Fargus. He is a member of a firm of auctioneers at Bristol, Eng. No wonder Mr. Fargus is glad to acknowledge his work. The book has sold to the extent of 80,000 copies, and the play has made the greatest hit that has been known in London in a long time. The book was sent to this country by Mr. Swayne, of E. P. Dutton & Co., then in England, who saw the

excitement it was beginning to make in that country, and urged his house to republish it here. As it was entirely out of their line—the theological—they turned it over to their neighbors, Henry Holt & Co., who immediately brought it out in their Leisure Hour Series.

Mr. Jack Elliott's portrait of the late 'Uncle Sam' Ward, taken shortly before Mr. Ward's death and now on exhibition at Tooth's Gallery, London, is said to be a capital likeness of the *bon vivant*.

Apropos of the leading article in our last number, a gentleman signing himself 'P.' writes from Bridgeport, Conn., as follows:—'What your able correspondent, Mr. Blackshaw, points out as Mr. Matthew Arnold's deficiency in "literary tact" is, I think, one of his most excellent qualities. His moral and intellectual preparation for just criticism is ample, and his literary ability is superb. To be more cautious, and less conscientious in his work; to consult, in the least, the prejudices or the incapacity of people, would impair his value in the eyes of the most impartial and enlightened minds, and show a lack of that perfect mastery of his subject, that beautiful sanity of judgment, and that strict fidelity to truth, which make him the prince of critics who use the English tongue.' We think our correspondent errs in attributing 'less conscientiousness' to the critic who possesses literary tact than to the one who lacks it. We are sure Mr. Blackshaw did not mean to disparage Mr. Morley's moral qualities, but only to say that he could state an unpleasant truth in a manner less likely to give offence than Mr. Arnold's.

A school edition of Browning's 'Strafford,' edited by Miss Hickey, has been brought out by George Bell & Sons, of London. The poet himself has revised the text, and furnished notes on three or four doubtful passages. The character of the hero of this play is regarded as wonderfully true to life, but in other respects the adherence to historical facts is by no means strict; a preface, warning the reader of the liberties taken by the dramatist, has therefore been prefixed to the play by Professor Gardiner. Mr. Browning's own music for the children's song in the fifth act is published in this edition.

The Athenæum disputes the late 'Orion' Horne's claim that it was he who introduced Mrs. Browning to the public, and publishes a bibliography of her earlier writings, showing that many of them appeared in its own columns.

A recent number of *The Academy* contained the following advertisement: 'To the Compassionate. Help is implored for a Lady who is dangerously ill and absolutely destitute; daughter of a deceased Colonel in the U. S. Army and Correspondent of the leading English Newspapers. Subscriptions received by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, The Larches, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.'

Mr. James Berry Bensel sends us the following:—'My attention has been called to the fact that in a recent number of your periodical is printed a statement from Mr. Whitman to the effect that proof-sheets of "Leaves of Grass" were never sent to Mr. Longfellow for examination, nor permission to dedicate the volume to him asked; and this, taken in connection with the extract from an article of mine copied into THE CRITIC, raises a question in regard to the veracity of my statement. I can only say that I told the story as Mr. Longfellow told it to me, and as I related it in a newspaper letter (to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, I believe) written several years ago, and which the Cambridge poet saw at that time. Mr. Whitman did not deny the truth of the statement then!'

Messrs. Putnam are preparing 'a limited letter-press edition' of the Works of Alexander Hamilton, including his contributions to *The Federalist*. The set is edited by Henry Cabot Lodge, author of the Life of Hamilton in the American Statesmen Series.

The English Society of Arts has awarded the Albert medal for this year to Capt. James B. Eads, in recognition of his engineering works in improving the water-communications of North America.

It is fortunate that we do not need to analyze the charm of Mr. Stockton's humor, for it could not be done. Literal quotation could alone do justice to it, and happily the public are so well acquainted with it, that the mere advertisement that 'The Lady or the Tiger?' (Charles Scribner's Sons) is 'ready this day' will be all that is necessary. We only wonder whether a supply can be made to equal the demand; and if there is any one who has not yet made up his mind whether it was the lady or the tiger, or enjoyed the delicious bit in the last sentence of 'Our Story,' or dwelt with lingering delight over every sentence of 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' all we can say is that we envy him the first reading now impossible for the rest of us.

'There was Once a Man'—though he has now happily disappeared behind covers—who appeared every week in *The Continent* for so many months that we ought to know him well, at least by sight. He was not exactly a man, he was part ape; or rather he was not exactly an ape, he was part man. Those who wish to disentangle the snarl, under the guidance of Orpheus C. Kerr, who in his present work has not dared to be as funny as he can, will find 526 pages about it in *Our Continent Library* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert).

Funk & Wagnalls have added Forbes's 'Chinese Gordon' to their Standard Library.

The municipal authorities of Boston did well to select Mr. George William Curtis as Wendell Phillips's eulogist. They could not have chosen an orator better qualified, by sympathy and skill, to speak for them, and for the whole nation, over the remains of the foremost orator of his day. Mr. Curtis's address—which the Harpers have just issued in pamphlet-form—is one of which Phillips himself might have been justly proud.

Musicians and musical people generally will be interested in the announcement that The Century Company propose to issue a *St. Nicholas Song-Book*—a collection of songs for families and young people, of which the words are mainly to be taken from *St. Nicholas*. The music is to be written for the work by various composers.

'Pastoral Theology' is the title of a work prepared by Prof. James M. Hoppin as a companion volume to his 'Homiletics.' It will be published by Funk & Wagnalls.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we have received the guide-book 'A Lake Tour to Picturesque Mackinac,' by C. D. Whitcomb, Detroit, not only because it is so charmingly got up, but because, knowing the lakes as well as the guide-book, we can heartily say that one of the most wonderful and delightful trips that America offers ought to be better known to the travelling public. The vacationist with seventy-five dollars and a fortnight cannot do better than spend both on the Great Lakes, though he should not fail to include Lake Superior. We believe *The Manhattan* is to publish an article with details of such a journey.

Morrison Heady, of Normandy, Ky., has written a *Life of Columbus*, 'designed for the edification of the young, no less than for the entertainment of the old; hence, not a philosophical biography, but a slightly embellished narrative of facts.'

About a hundred and fifty honorary degrees were conferred by the University of Edinburgh at its tercentenary festival last month. The list has since been published in *The Scotsman* of the others to whom the same degrees were offered; and it is added that, 'according to the traditional practice of the University, any one to whom an honorary degree has once been offered may have it conferred on him at any subsequent graduation ceremony at which he may present himself.' The list contains the names of ten Americans: Professors E. Abbot, of Cambridge (now no longer living), G. P. Fisher, of Yale, and R. D. Hitchcock, of New York, as D.D.; and, as LL.D., Professors Dana, Porter, and Whitney, of Yale, Goodwin, Gray, and Wharton, of Harvard, and Newcomb, of Washington.

De Portefeuille, published at Amsterdam, is naturally interested in the death of 'Dickens's Dutchman,' who spent so many years as a convict in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia.

The Rev. William Hague, D.D., is of the opinion that we did not do him justice in what we said of his address on Emerson before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. He says that he naturally assumed the essay on 'The Sovereignty of Ethics' to be new, when it appeared in 1878; and we must admit that this conclusion was legitimate. He also says that Emerson did *parenthetically* affirm the uselessness of prayer on the occasion to which he referred. That Mr. Emerson believed in the uselessness of prayer as a material, or even as a moral agent there can be no doubt. From about 1845 on to near the end of his life, he had little sympathy with public or formal prayer of any kind. That he did believe in spiritual prayer—the inward communion of the soul with the infinite God—there is equally no doubt. But our objection to Dr. Hague's statement had no reference to Emerson's belief or disbelief. We meant to say that it was altogether unlike him to give utterance to an affirmation of the uselessness of prayer immediately after a prayer had been made on a public occasion. No one who thoroughly knew him could think it possible for him to intrude his opinions in that manner. The incident as related is so uncharacteristic of Emerson that we must repeat our conviction that what he said was misunderstood, or that it has not been correctly remembered.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 726.—1. Will some one tell me where to find the poem beginning,

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet
My staff of faith to lean upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's full gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.—?

I saw it more than sixty years ago. It was said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his execution. 2. I am also anxious to find a poem relating to the burial of Alaric the Goth, in the River Busento. The poem relating the manner of the river being turned out of its course to admit of his interment in its bed, tells how its waters being turned back again

Roll'd back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deeps give up their dead.

These three lines are all I remember of it. 3. Please tell where one can find Whitmore's 'Hand-book of American Genealogy.'
BLUE ISLAND, ILL. LAURA W. MCCLINTOCK.

No. 727.—1. I have heard several adherents of orthodoxy affirm that *The North American Review* refused to publish a rejoinder which Judge Black prepared to Col. Ingersoll's atheistic article in the same magazine. Can you tell me if there is any ground for this assertion? 2. Can I get an indexed edition of Hazlitt's 'Round Table,' Northcote's 'Conversations,' and Lander's 'Imaginary Conversations'?

NEW YORK CITY.

A. B. C.

[1. There is no ground whatever for the assertion that the editors of the review refused to publish a rejoinder by Judge Black. On the contrary, they used their best efforts to induce the Judge to write a second time, offering him the same amount of space that Ingersoll occupied, but were unable to prevail upon him to do so.]

No. 728.—I should like to learn the origin of the following three quotations:

When a land rejects her legends,
Sees but falsehood in the past,
And her people view their sires
In the light of fools and liars,
'Tis a sign of her decline.
The reproof hurts least
That's polished down by wit.
Thou who gav'st the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon those empty dishes.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

E. H. MAUNSELL.

No. 729.—Please inform me to what magazines or papers, besides *The Century*, *The Atlantic*, and *The Galaxy*, John Burroughs has contributed.
P. O. Box 1592, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

H. D. HUGHES.

[Mr. Burroughs is the author of signed articles in *Outing* and *The Wheelman*, Dec., 1888; *Longman's Magazine*, May, 1888; *The Current*, May 17, June 7, 1884; *THE CRITIC*, March 26, July 16, 1881; January 23, February 11, May 20, September 23, October 21, 1882; January 13, 20, July 14, 1883; February 16, March 15, May 10, 1884.

ANSWERS.

No. 713.—Through the industry and kindness of ex-Postmaster General King, I am enabled to give you in full the much and variously advertised poem containing the line 'Though lost to sight to memory dear:'

Sweetheart, good-by! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the far'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace!
O cruel fate! true hearts to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-by! though nevermore
The wave may bear me back to thee,
Though thrown upon some distant shore
By angry wind and surging sea,
My constant heart would still recall
Thy soft, brown eyes, and browner hair,
And know thy tones, thy touch, thy all,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. G. RIDDLE.

No. 718.—'The Exile of Idria: A German Tale: In Three Cantos' was written by John George Hamilton Bourne. *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1846, p. 394, gives his name as John Gervase Hutchinson Bourne. See Halkett and Laing, Vol. I., p. 859.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. WILLIAM CUSHING.

